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Ain't It a Grand and Glorious Feelin'—By Briggs

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DISPARITY IN EARNING POWER

The prize fighters mean to keep up war prices for a time, at least. Before they will sign a contract to go into a ring their demands must be met, and these demands are truly exorbitant. Georges Carpentier, the heavyweight French champion, refused an offer of 750,000 francs to come to America, and is holding out for 1,000,000 francs, or \$200,000. Jess Willard, whose duty it is to defend his championship title, insisted on \$100,000 as his end of the purse before signing. One promoter has undertaken to furnish the money. Jack Dempsey, who meets him, and may whip him, is to receive \$27,500. This is a large price to pay for muscle and puts brains at a discount. The man who has spent his youth and young manhood in college and university receives only a small fraction of these figures, and, indeed, not more than the wages of a day laborer, and only half that received by a skilled mechanic during the war. Muscular force commands more money at the present time than ever before in the world's history, and it is quite probable that cultured education commands less. Scholarship is a drug on the market, for which there is no demand. Possibly the supply is too great. The world has been spending its money and best energies on education for years. It has been accessible to everyone, and compulsory in some places. Education has come to be so universal that it has become common, if not vulgarized. About the worst equipped mortal for the battle of life is the scholar who is nothing else. Unless he can drive a nail, saw a plank, fasten on horseshoes or do some kind of mechanical work he is as helpless as an infant. So widespread has cultural education become that your barber or bootblack is apt to correct you if you misquote a line from Virgil or Horace. The bruiser who uses his fists to beat up an opponent is paid \$100,000 for an hour's engagement, while Milton received \$100 for "Paradise Lost," and it is doubtful if he could sell it for anything today. Aeschylus did not receive as much for his "Trilogy" as a gas-fitter can earn in a month.

The schools are beginning to appreciate this disparity, and are turning to industrial training of the young. With primordial man muscle ruled. He had no education, and who wielded the biggest club made himself king. The more ignorant a man is the more he will strip himself and spend his substance to educate his son, hoping and dreaming great things for him, but really turning him into a world for which he is unfit. The fact that Memphis school teachers are to receive more money for their services is a hopeful sign. It shows that muscle and brute force are not the only gods in our pantheon.

LOOSE TALK

There is complaint—and it seems to be well founded—that some of our soldier boys, when they reached Germany, began fraternizing with the boches, and making invidious comparisons between Germany and France. Some are reported to have said that they were sorry that they had not been sent to fight for Germany instead of against it. More than 2,000,000 young Americans were sent overseas, and in that number there was sure to be found bad plumbage now and then. Some would leak language at inopportune times and in a loose manner, without considering the import and effect of their words. But it must be remembered that making one's self popular with young ladies in a conquered enemy country is no easy task, and almost any American soldier between the ages of 21 and 30 would talk imprudently; and if she happened to be very pretty a little treasonable talk would probably prove current coin, and if so, a hot-blooded young American would not hesitate to take the risk. All this, however, is on the surface and superficial. Down deeper it will be found that the American soldier knew well why he crossed the seas, and he fought according to his convictions, and these have not changed. A little loose talk with the fair ones in Germany should not be taken seriously. It is wrong, but it is one of the many ways of a man with a maid.

THE GONG BEATERS

The gong beaters are at work in congress, noisily assailing the work of the peace conference. It gives them a great opportunity. The bigger the work the greater the opportunity it offers for attack and criticism, and the more conspicuous do the assailants become.

The peace conference was the most imposing and important convocation of human beings that has ever assembled since the foundations of the world were laid, and our president was easily first in the august assemblage. This alone is enough to arouse and call forth partisan rancor. A meaner and more contemptible emotion moves some men, who are jealous of our president's exalted position.

These feel that as the president grows, the senator or congressman, as the case may be, dwindles and diminishes. They would rather destroy him than suffer by comparison.

WILFRID LAURIER

Canada's "grand old man" has been called hence, and the death of Sir Wilfrid Laurier will be felt as a distinct loss on both sides of the Atlantic. He was a remarkable man in many ways. The product of a little Canadian college town, he chose the law as a profession, and soon won fame as an orator. He drifted into politics, where he soon became an irresistible force, and while he was loyal to and in sympathy with the French-Canadians—des habitants—he was also loyal to England, and when he became premier of Canada he was frequently honored by the imperial government. All Canadian public men speak twice on each occasion, once in English and repeating the same thing in French, or vice versa. In both languages Laurier was charming. His life was a continuous political battle, but he never gave nor asked for quarter.

A good many people are like a man in a rowboat. They travel backward all right, but they never see anything until they are past it.

With seed corn selling at from \$3 to \$7.40 the bushel, the farmers should see to it that their lands are well prepared before planting.

Chicago must have lost the key to her cold storage plant. Eggs have jumped from 47 to 63 cents the dozen.

The wireless enables us to make a whispering gallery of the ocean.

DOROTHY DIX'S TALK

BY DOROTHY DIX,
The World's Highest Paid Woman Writer.

WHEN WOMAN GOES A-WOOLING.

A woman is in love with a certain man and desires him for her mate. She knows that she is fit to make just the sort of a wife he needs, and that they would be happy together if they married. But the man is not in love with her and has never considered her from a sentimental point of view, and she desires to know how she can turn his thoughts in her direction and win his affection.

In spite of Bernard Shaw's contention that man is the pursued and woman the pursuer and that women always do the courting, and Thackeray's assertion that any woman, without an actual bump on her back, can marry any man she chooses, the task of the woman who starts forth on a husband hunt is not an easy one.

In courtship men have all the advantage because a man can use direct methods of attack in his wooing, whereas a woman has to do hers under cover, and camouflage every move.

Also the holder of the more energetic and the more persistent man is in his courtship, the better pleased the woman is while a man must be courted so subtly, so stealthily, and so subtly that he never knows that he is being wooed at all.

In spite of all of these drawbacks, however, the trick is done every day, and a woman does well and wisely if she has set her affections on some particular man, not to let him escape without having made at least a fight for her happiness.

For it is just as true that faint heartedness won't win a fair lady. More-over the majority of men are purblind in love, and all that many a one needs to make him perceive that some special woman is his predestinated and foreordained mate is just to have her call his attention to herself.

Therefore the woman who goes a-wooing should bear in mind three things. The first is, she should heed the poet's admonition: "Be bold, be bold, be not too bold." Which means in prose that she should go after him, but she should put on her gum shoes when she does it. She must take steps to keep him reminded that she is still alive, or else he will forget her, but she must not throw herself at his head, for if she does he will dodge her. She must continually cross his pathway, yet she must never let him suspect that she is camping on his trail.

Clear women keep their memory green in a man's mind by means of cards and little notes which pique a man's interest without rousing his suspicions, but no woman with a grain of sense in her head ever inveigles a man into a correspondence until she has safely looked him over and landed him. Men hate to write letters and they are afraid of them. They have seen too many casual letters turn into bombs in a woman's hand.

breach of promise suits. But a note, or a jolly little card on his birthday, or a holiday, simply shows that a woman is thinking about a man and sets him to guessing what she is thinking about him, and that rouses his curiosity and curiosity in man leads to the altar.

Perhaps a woman's best bait when she becomes a fisher of men is always food. She can always ask a man to dinner, and no woman ever shows such an advantage as against the background of her own home and at the head of her own table. Any man whose thoughts are not turned to matrimony by a woman knitting in a low chair, is hopelessly addicted to celibacy.

If the man is a question happens to be a widow, the dinner play almost invariably wins out. No matter how recent his bereavement he can be enticed to a quiet dinner where his homelike soul will be directed toward eventual consolation.

The second point that the woman who goes a-wooing should bear in mind is that while she should let the man know, in some subtle way, that she regards him as fascinating and dangerous, she must be careful not to let him find out that she is in love with him and intends to marry him. One of the most precious things that men cherish is that they have a right to the initiative in courtship, and they never knowingly surrender this. Likewise men are sportsmen, and the harder it is to get a thing, the more they desire it.

Hence it is fatal for a woman to let a man discover that she is more in love with him than he is with her. If convention gave women the right to propose it would do them no good. Every man would say "No, thank you."

Therefore the successful husband hunter must draw her quarry into her trap by pretending to be always running away from him.

The third and last point, that the woman who goes a-wooing must bear in mind is that every woman has to be her own press agent and convince the man she wants that he wants her, and she must do this with such finesse that he never discovers her fine Italian hand in it.

Just as few men really know what they want in a wife as they know what they want for dinner. They eat what is set before them and they marry the kind of woman they happen to be thrown with. That is where propriety gets in its deadly matrimonial work.

And it is where a woman has her own press agent and convince the man she wants that he wants her, and she must do this with such finesse that he never discovers her fine Italian hand in it.

It is all right for a woman to go a-wooing, and it makes for universal happiness, for a happy and satisfied wife makes a happy and satisfied husband. (Copyright, 1919, by the Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

